

The Switch II

by Blunderland

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Summary: All this time, the former cat wondered just what kind of sin he committed in his past life that placed him in life-threatening situations. For once again, Cecil's plea to the muses did not turn out so well.

1. Chapter 1

The Switch II

Bright green eyes widened in absolute horror. Slowly, the terrified prince of Agnapolis took a few steps back until he felt the unforgiving coldness of the wall. He gulped as the other figure in the room approached him with eyes that pierced through his very soul. The final member of Starish never wanted this situation _at all _to happen yet here he was, staring at his own demise in the form of an angry Count. All this time, the former cat wondered just what kind of sin he committed in his past life that placed him in life-threatening situations.

For once again, Cecil's plea to the muses did not turn out so well.

"**AIJIMA!**"

* * *

><p>A month passed since the switch incident. Tired feet dragged themselves to the living room where equally tired idols, except for two, were resting on the couch. The seventh member of Starish, Cecil, plopped down on the empty spot next to Ren and let out a long sigh.<p>

"You seem beat up, Cesshi." Ren pointed out, though the same could be said about the flirt.

"Camus made me do a lot of work. He made me watch programs in Japanese without subtitles. I had to translate it all before I could actually watch." The legit prince of the group replied. "You guys look overworked too!"

"We don't just look overworked, we are overworked!" Syo exclaimed. "Ai added more to our schedule and just as I thought it was impossible! Hell, it's even more detailed!"

"Ran-chan's been bossier than usual. Plus, he seems to be monitoring our actions lately. He wouldn't even trust me when I handed him a glass of water." Ren supplied.

"Our sempais must be punishing us." Masato stated solemnly, to which a certain shorty quirked an eyebrow.

"All of us?"

The attention of the group diverted to their two fellow idols named Otoya and Tokiya. The lovable red-head was listening to some tunes while the cool perfectionist was reading a novel. Neither paid heed to the chit-chat and stares of the others until Syo spoke up.

"You two sure are relaxed." The blond munchkin said rather bitterly.

Otoya took off his headphones and grinned. "Well Rei-chan gave us the day off since we'll be going to Tokyo for work."

"We'll be there for a week so Kotobuki-sempai minimized our workload considering the many tasks we'll do once we get to Tokyo." Tokiya continued. "It's only natural of him."

"You guys are lucky! I wish Reiji-sempai was my sempai!" Cecil whined.

"He can be annoying sometimes especially with those pranks he pulls on people." Tokiya voiced out, grudgingly recalling the time a bucket of ice cold water was dumped on him.

"Tokiyaaa~ you're still not over that?" Otoya chimed in, remembering the water bucket incident.

Until now, Tokiya had no idea that Otoya was an accomplice to the prank. All blame was directed at his bubbly senior who surprisingly became a martyr and kept his mouth shut about Otoya suggesting using ice water.

The guitarist laughed nervously when Tokiya narrowed his eyes at him. "Ehehe!"

"At least he doesn't make you brew tea in the middle of the night or complain that there's not enough sugar cubes in it!" Cecil protested.

The shortest of the group joined in. "And he doesn't have you wake up at five in the freakin' morning!"

"Or take away your tatami!" Masato muttered.

The others started to throw their complaints and the two were desperately searching for the right words to say. They found none. Luckily, they were saved by an unlikely hero.

"Our sempais aren't that bad. They're just doing what sempais are supposed to do. I'm sure they have even tougher jobs." Natsuki chimed in, which frankly surprised the others for his sentence did not contain the word 'cute' in it.

The living room had never been so dead. The occupants of said room were too caught up with their own thoughts that no one noticed the two females who entered the scene.

"Whoa, what's with the low energy level?" Tomochika began thus bringing the idols back to reality. When she got groans for replies, the red-head chuckled. "Well Haruka and I whipped up some bento for you guys."

"I hope you like it." Haruka said with a smile. She was back to her normal self after realizing that the cause behind Starish's odd change in behaviour last month was due to a movie they starred in.

Of course, that wasn't the real reason, but what Haruka didn't know wouldn't kill her.

The boys miraculously became lively again upon hearing homemade bentos and Haruka.

"Sankyu! You guys are the best!" Syo exclaimed with a grin.

Ren winked. "This is very thoughtful of you, lady-tachi."

Tomochika flashed a smile. "Don't mention it! Now if you excuse us, we have business to attend to!"

By business, she meant shopping then getting some ice cream with her best friend. The two girls bid goodbye and left the group of handsome, young idols to eat. While munching on their boxed lunches, a thought crossed the mind of the cheery red-head.

"Hey guys, what if Nanami was a sempai?"

The question evoked various responses.

"Haru-chan will make a cute sempai! Just imagine her teaching her kouhai!" Natsuki gleefully said.

"Surely she's the sweet type of senior. She'll least likely to get mad as well, although she is passionate about composing and music. Her student will learn a lot from her." Masato added.

"Heh, lady will most likely get flustered when teaching especially when she makes a mistake." Ren remarked.

"I bet she's the gentle type too! Haruka wouldn't snap at you for taking too long to wake up!" Cecil supplied.

"Yeah! And she wouldn't make jokes about your height!" Syo exclaimed, a little too excited.

Among the chatter, the voice of understandable reason gave his thoughts regarding the matter. "I don't doubt that Haruka will make a good teacher. She has the heart after all." Tokiya continued, "But she still has a lot to learn before she can have her own kouhai."

"Can't our teachers be like her for once, attitude wise? I wish we had nice sempais!" Syo complained.

"But Ai-chan's niceâ€|in his own wayâ€|" Natsuki was unsure of his statement. After all, his sempai was pretty brutal despite his sweet appearance.

"It'll be refreshing to have a sempai who wouldn't treat you like you tripped over his bass guitar." Ren supplied.

Masato glared at the Casanova. "You did that once and it wasn't even accidental!" The pianist then sighed and mumbled, "Although I wouldn't mind having a mellow sempai."

"A more disciplined senior is much more favourable. He needs to act his age." Tokiya said, to which his roommate reacted.

"Oh come on! Am I the only one who likes our sempais!?" Otoya exclaimed in concern.

Cecil watched the scenes unfold. He truly wished to help his friends, though it proved to be difficult considering he couldn't even stand his own two-faced senior.

Only the muses could help him now.

"Well we better get back to work." Ren started. "Ran-chan will be pissed if he knew I haven't finished the work he assigned to me."

"Yeah, I don't wanna get punished by Ai!" Syo agreed and got up.
"Let's go, Natsuki!"

"I better pack my things for tomorrow's trip." Otoya thought aloud.

"You do that. I'm done with mine." Tokiya stated.

"Eh? Tokiya, why didn't you tell me!" The red-head whined.

The once occupied living room became empty with silence and the day was ready to retire. Before long, the sky became dark and the stars and moon took their place.

"Bye minna~!"

Quartet Night, Haruka, and two members of Starish were found in the lounge area of the Master Course dormitory. Reiji was giving his farewell to his bandmates who weren't anywhere near disappointed with the clown's temporary absence.

"I'll do my best to get everything done so I'll return sooner!" Reiji exclaimed cheerfully.

"Oh no ~ don't hurry back! In fact, why don't you stay there for a month or maybe even a year?" Ranmaru began.

"Go. We will not perish without you." Camus supplied.

"Aww~ won't you guys miss me?" Reiji teased.

"No." Ai deadpanned. "Hurry up or you'll miss your flight. You already wasted 3 minutes, 54 seconds and counting."

Reiji felt unloved. "So mean~"

"Goodbye minna-san! Have a safe trip!" Haruka said with a smile.

"Bye Nanami! See you after a week!" Otoya beamed.

The Genki team bid the others goodbye before getting in the taxi that was waiting for them. The remaining Quartet Night and Haruka headed back to their respective rooms and continued with their business.

In Ai, Natsuki, and Syo's room, the cyanette was not really surprised to see his short kouhai cramming on the work he had.

"According to my data, you only have five minutes before nine o'clock." Ai pointed out once he noticed his kouhais to be awake.

Syo huffed. "I know that! I wouldn't be up if it weren't for this damn workload!"

"Now, now Syo-chan~ let's just finish Ai-chan's assignment. It's the last for today!" Natsuki said in an attempt to calm the munchkin.

In Ranmaru, Ren, and Masato's room, the trio were generally doing fine.

"Oi Ren! You done with the thing I gave you?" The grouchy rocker asked.

Ren winked. "Yeah. Wouldn't want to keep you waiting, Ran-chan."

"You know that doesn't work on Kurosaki-sempai." Masato stated as he eyed the neat pile of paperwork with a single rose placed on top.

"Hell it doesn't!" Ranmaru exclaimed before chucking a pillow at Ren.

In Camus and Cecil's room, the two royals were getting ready for bed.

"I have an interview tomorrow which requires your assistance." Camus boomed. "Make yourself presentable and no fooling around!"

"You say that as if I will!" Cecil muttered to himself.

The prince was restless and twisted and turned on his bed.

Truthfully, he was desperate to have a kinder sempai â€“ one who was not a slave driver â€“ so he silently prayed to the muses for help.

"Oh muses! Hear my plea! I pray that our seniors will turn into the seniors we wished to have!"

"Aijima, quit your mumbling and go to sleep!" The Count demanded.

"Help us please!" Cecil said in a wee voice before closing his eyes.

The inhabitants of the dorm were soon asleep, unaware of the mysterious blue glow that enveloped the area.

Morning came and Cecil knew something was off. The young royal got up and checked his surroundings. His sempai was still fast asleep â€“ which was odd since the blond usually woke up earlier â€“ rather than being up and telling his kouhai to move his lazy ass.

'Is this the muses' doing?' Cecil thought, aware of the request he made last night.

The magical idol decided to continue with his everyday routine and headed to the bathroom for a quick shower. All was fine and well, and just as the prince was about to exit the shower, the bathroom door was slammed open by an unlikely visitor.

Right there and then, Cecil knew he made a mistake when he locked eyes with infuriated ones that belonged to the lovely composer.

Cecil gulped. '_What have I done?_'

At the top of her lungs, Haruka screamed.

"AIJIMA YOU FOOL!"

* * *

><p>I bet you weren't expecting this ;)

**HELLO MY LOVELY READERS! THE SWITCH II IS FINALLY HERE! Hahaha...I am in so much joy to finally start on this! **

Ohonhonhon~ who's who this time?

Cecil is a poor, poor boy T_T

Stay tuned for the next chapter~!

Oh, and here's a crack version of the part where Natsuki said something reasonable :P

"Our sempais aren't that bad. They're just doing what sempais are supposed to do. I'm sure they have even tougher jobs." Natsuki chimed in, which frankly surprised the others for his sentence did not contain the word 'cute' in it.

"Whoa." Was the only word that Syo could say.

Natsuki was confused. "What?"

"It's just that...you said something sensible. It's...it's amazing really!" The shorter blond explained.

Cue the OOC speech of the tallest member of Starish.

"Oh am I not allowed to!? Is it because I'm Natsuki and the things that run in my mind are only cute things and Piyo-chan therefore I can't say ANYTHING serious!?" Natsuki snapped. "Oh don't mind me! I'll just go sing that Piyo-chan song because saying something sensible is totally fucked up for me to do!"

The rest of Starish were completely dumbfounded as their usually mild-mannered bandmate continued his rant.

"I should just go play dress up with Syo-chan because apparently, that's a much more acceptable thing to do than defend our sempais! Oh, or maybe I should have just smiled like an idiot in the background because I'm expected to be a damn airhead! Oh joy!"

Otoya was the first to speak from the group. "Are you alright?"

"Everything's fucking dandy 'cause I'm Natsuki!"

"Satsuki? Is that you?" Syo whimpered.

Such question only enraged the tall blond.

"Oh, so only Satsuki's allowed to get mad! Not Natsuki - he's a precious cinnamon roll that thinks only of cupcakes and sugarplums! Bah!"

Needless to say, Starish never looked at Natsuki in the same way ever again. They assumed that he was probably high.

He was, and somewhere out there, Satsuki was laughing his ass off.

2. Chapter 2

After bidding the Genki team goodbye, Haruka found herself walking down the hall with the remaining Quartet Night. No one said a word which was fine and normal with Reiji absent although the composer had questions she wanted to ask her cool seniors.

'_I wonder what's it like to be a teacher?' _

"You better speak up if you have something to say." Ranmaru exclaimed, sensing the thoughtful aura of the composer. The rocker had grown accustomed to the female's presence despite his initial impression of her.

"Anoâ€œ| I was just wondering why'd you became sempais. Is it great being one?" Haruka asked.

"It's not â€“ it's a nuisance! Especially when you're stuck with people you don't want to see." Ranmaru replied.

Camus added his own share of thought. "If you're referring about our relationship with Starish, it's strictly business."

"We're only their mentors because Saotome assigned us to them." Ai began. "We did not choose them because we wanted to."

"Our job is only to train them to be excellent idols. Building friendships is not our priority." The Count supplied. How Reiji would object to that if the bumbling idiot was still around.

Ranmaru crossed his arms. "Yeah, but we don't really need to teach them a lot. Those punks are doing fine, though I'm not saying they'll ever surpass us."

"The assignments we gave them are simply for their information and discipline." The youngest sempai said in a manner of fact. "It is for their own good as idols. We are not concerned with the rest."

Haruka felt like something didn't add up to the statements her seniors made. "Butâ€œif you aren't concerned and if you think Starish can be on their own, why haven't you left them yet?"

Her question brought the Quartet Night to a halt. Perhaps they wanted to stay â€“ Starish was, no doubt, a pretty good group and damn, their kouhais must be made of magic or glitter â€“ but the pioneering princes would never care to say nor show how proud they were of their kouhais. Not yet anyway; Quartet Night was composed of professionals and they have to live up to that.

Startled by the silence of her seniors, Haruka hastily apologized. "G-Gomen! I didn't mean to ask so much!"

Ranmaru was the first to speak. "We only stayed because we haven't received word from the president yet."

"Oh." Was the only word that came out of Haruka's mouth. The group continued to walk in silence until the composer was nearing her room.

"Thank you for your time! Goodnight!" Haruka bowed before going off to her destination.

Once she got inside her room, she pulled out a chair and started to compose yet another music piece. Like every other night, she would scribble down musical compositions until eventually, sleep would get the best of her and she would wake up the next morning due to either a knock on the door by Ringo-sensei or Cecil would play Aladdin and be magically up on her window to wake her. Yep â€“ it was a normal cycle for the girl.

Therefore it served as a shock when Haruka woke up in a different room feeling quite unlike herself.

* * *

><p>'Bad' didn't quite qualify the term to describe Cecil's situation. In fact, that word was an understatement. Never in his

whole life had he expected to encounter such sanity-reducing, mind-straining, WTF scenario with the person he least wanted to be involved yet the universe wanted to be the crook that disproved him.<p>

Because as of the moment, Cecil was face-to-face with an angry Haruka.

"Fool! What did you do!?"

"H-Haruka?" The green-eyed teen squeaked.

"It is I â€“ Camus! How dare you do this to me!" The Count boomed.

"Why would you assume that I had something to do with this!?" The guilty cat bastard cried out.

Camus frowned deeply. "Who else is capable of asking his gods to cast a spell that can swap other people's souls!? Fool!"

The enraged royal took several steps towards his kouhai until said kouhai was pressed against the shower walls, causing the green-eyed prince to panic even more. He wasn't just facing Camus â€“ he was facing Camus in the form of Haruka, his princess.

Needless to say, Cecil was very confused on what to feel.

"Please don't come any closer!" Cecil squeaked. "I'm really sorry!"

"Sorry? That is all you have to say for yourself?" The icy Count scoffed. "You've done more damage than you could have, Aijima!"

Camus was now in front of Cecil. No doubt that he was boiling with hate, but his glare did not have much of a scare factor since he was a petite girl as of the moment.

Realizing this awful information, Camus said, "Bend down."

"Huh?"

"So I can look at you coldly in the eye."

Oh how tempted Cecil was to fool around and joke about his sempai's current stature. He never saw Haruka this mad before and all he could say was that the girl was crazy adorable. However, Cecil wanted to live long and the key to prolonging one's life was to continuously hope that your senior would not freeze you like the madman he was, so the former neko decided to obey the blond. Once they were on the same level, Camus narrowed his eyes that seemed incapable of killing a fly, much less send a threat.

"Who is in my body?" The Count asked, with all the coldness he could muster.

"I-I don't know!" Cecil replied honestly. He didn't exactly specify who was to transfer.

The earl huffed and marched out the bathroom " which Cecil found to be disturbingly cute. The younger male followed suit and he was just in time to see whoever was in his sempai's body wake up. The person blinked a couple of times before speaking.

"Cecil-kun? What are you doing here?"

Before the idol could answer, Camus intervened. "State your name!"

The Count's person looked confused. "I'mâ€¦Haruka? Wait â€" but you're me! Huh? What happened to my voice?"

At that very moment, everything audible was drowned out by Cecil's internal screaming. One of his worst fears had just been realized â€" the soul of the woman he loved was trapped inside the body of the man he despised and vice versa â€" and Cecil wished he could black out right now.

Well wasn't he just loved â€" his wish was granted! He blacked out!

"Fool! Get up!"

It took a while for Haruka to process the situation. One, she wasn't in her room. Two, Cecil was unconscious and half-naked. Three, Haruka saw herself strangling the prince in order to wake him up.

Something wasn't right.

The composer rushed to the mirror and screamed a manly scream. Her short, salmon pink hair had been replaced by long, blond ones while her sunset eyes changed into icy blue orbs. No longer was she of petite frame nor was she a girl. She became a man and not just any man â€" she became Camus, who was a walking iceberg in contrast to the girl's sunny demeanour. Against her innocence and gentleness, Haruka had to think: _what the fuck? _The composer never felt so away from reality yet there she was, glued to the ground while trying not to throw a catharsis after realizing that she now sported the male anatomy.

'_Dear grandmother, I am now a man._'

Boy, wouldn't this be an interesting tale to tell her beloved grandmother if the old lady wouldn't freak out about her granddaughter's mental welfare.

"You!"

Haruka turned to her person and attempted to speak, but she ended up stuttering. "W-Who areâ€¦whoâ€¦.w-who â€" "

"I am Camus." The noble said as he sensed the girl's inability to form any sentences. "This is not an illusion. You really are me as of the moment and I am you."

"H-Huh?"

Camus sighed. "Aijima is the one to blame. He must have asked divine

intervention from his mystic beings therefore resulting to this. It happened before with Starish."

Haruka clearly did not get anything at all. Camus rubbed her, er, his temples and pulled out a chair while motioning the other to do the same. The stunned composer did so and there was a moment of awkward silence before Camus spoke.

"If you recall, Starish had been acting quite unlike their selves last month."

"Oh! Because of their movie, The Switch, right?"

The Count smirked. "How naïve. Starish had truly swapped souls, hence, their out of character. The movie was just a timely excuse."

Realization finally dawned on Haruka. "So Ittoki-kun was really Jinguji-san, Jinguji-san was Ittoki-kun, Hijirikawa-san was Syo-kun, Shinomiya-kun was Hijirikawa-san, Ichinose-kun was Shinomiya-kun, Syo-kun was Cecil-san, and Cecil-san was Ichinose-kun?"

'Ah, good that she caught up.' Camus nodded his head. "Correct. Those peasants had their souls switched and failed to do a decent job acting as their temporary selves! Well, except Ichinose. He was well adept as Shinomiya."

Upon mentioning Tokiya and his act, Haruka remembered the Piyo-chan keychain she received from who she believed to be Natsuki. Come to think of it, the tall blond was calmer than usual that time so no doubt it was Tokiya's acting.

"But how could that have happened? How did this happen?" Haruka asked.

"Aijima requested his muses to help him gain closure with the rest of Starish. They only returned to normal once the request had been fulfilled." The earl of Permafrost replied then glared at his unconscious kouhai. "I am not certain what Aijima's plea was, but it must have something to do with you and me since we exchanged souls."

"How are we going to get back, Camus-sempai?" The composer added.

"If it is the same way as what happened to Starish, we will be back to normal once the fool's plea is made. If not, I have to travel to Permafrost to seek a solution but I deemed for it to be impossible." The noble answered.

Haruka cocked her head to the side. "Why is that, Camus-sempai?"

Without knowing how he got it since they were talking face to face, Camus pointed his scepter at Haruka.

"You are in my body and I will not allow you to shame me in front of my queen with your stuttering and sugary phrases! Permafrost deserves no low grade treatment from commoners!" The blond boomed.

While Camus ranted about how spectacular Permafrost was, his kouhai slowly regained consciousness until he was fully awake. The young prince got up and scratched the back of his head. He had a weird dream where his request to the muses regarding the sempais went horribly wrong causing Haruka and Camus to exchange souls. Luckily, it was just a life-scarring nightmare — what were the odds of it ever coming true? The prince rubbed his eyes and saw Haruka pointing Camus' scepter in a kind of threatening way while his sempai looked rather docile. It took a moment for Cecil to absorb the situation and to ultimately conclude that he was living his nightmare.

"AAAAAHHH!"

"Hush, fool!" Haru — Camus began. "And put some damn clothes on!"

Upon realizing that only a fluffy white towel covered him, Cecil immediately scrambled to his feet and looked for his attire. Haruka — who, for whatever reason, did not notice the idol's lack of coverage until Camus pointed that out — quickly protected her eyes with her hands as a faint blush dusted on her cheeks.

'I am not pleased by this. This is a whole new level of disturbing.' The Count thought and looked away, feeling quite vexed in having to see himself react so unprofessional and less of a man.

Once Cecil was done changing, Camus did not think twice about hitting his kouhai on the head with his scepter.

"Ow! What was that for!?" The prince cried.

"For this_!" Camus motioned to his appearance. "You made me a woman and not just any woman, I became the one you and the rest of Starish have their eyes on! Clearly, you must be sick in the head!"

"I swear I did not mean it!" Cecil exclaimed. "I would never allow anything like this to happen!"

"I'm sure Cecil-kun's telling the truth, Camus-sempai. At least, about us switching." Haruka defended.

The ice royal placed his hands on his hips and narrowed his eyes at his kouhai. "What did you ask of your muses?"

After doing his best not to do anything even more life-threatening, Cecil could no longer resist letting out a chuckle. The Count gritted his teeth.

"**What is so funny!?**" He angrily asked.

The prince burst out laughing. "I—I couldn't take you seriously in that form! You're just so cute when you're mad!"

How he regretted saying those words for an encyclopedia, which weighed like a sack of cement, flew straight to his face — talk about karma! Camus might be stuck in the petite frame of Haruka, but his boiling hate for his kouhai's actions defied everything and gave him brute force that could move mountains and could cut the dorm in

half. Haruka was quite amazed upon seeing herself mad like crazy. She decided to just be in the background and silently pitied the prince.

'_Poor Cecil-san._'

Knowing his place, Cecil " with a red face due to the impact of the book " bowed his head in fear and apology. "G-Gomen!"

Camus crossed his arms. "You have a lot to apologize for, Aijima! Now, tell us what that request of yours was!"

"It was to have Quartet Night turn into the sempais we wished to have." Cecil answered.

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â€|

"Wait, did you just say Quartet Night?" Camus asked. "Does that mean â€ " "

The Count was unable to complete his sentence once a high-pitched scream that relayed utter horror was heard.

"That sounded likeâ€| "

"Mikaze-sempai!"

* * *

><p>Chapter 2 is up! Ohoho...things are getting interesting now, aren't they?

**Hello dear readers! I hope you enjoyed reading The Switch II! I swear on the life of the mushroom I ate earlier to make this fanfic the best and worth reading! It'll certainly be longer compared to the first book :D **

Speaking of the first book, I highly recommend (to those who haven't read it yet and jumped straight to this) that you lovelies read The Switch for I will be mentioning parts related to the previous Utapri switch story. Like when Cecil threw a book at Syo and this time, it was his turn - well, technically he got hit twice since Syo was Cecil xD Poor neko-man!

Anyway, **eave a note/fave/follow and ****look forward for the next chapter - I am definitely hyped for it teeheehee ;) **

End
file.